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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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Poetry.

From the Louisville Journal.
THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

Here is a little golden tress,
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time hath dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings,
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress, the joyous brow,
Where thou dost lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave—
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
That eye no more is gay
Of all her beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very moon
Since last we fondly met
Four years and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone,
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an Aerial rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung;
Her life, 'twas like a half blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even,
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opens the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips outflowed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strive to give them praise,
I only grieve and sigh;
I could not hear, amid the throng
Where joy and laughter rung;
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To bid such memories start
But tears are on its wreath—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

ARLINA.

Miscellaneous.

THE MUSCADINE STORY.

The Unwritten Chapter in the Biography
"Captain Suggs."

Written for the "Spirit of the Times" by the author
of "Simon Suggs," "Daddy Biggs's Scrape at
Cockrell's Bend," etc.

It was in the account which we once gave the public, we believe of the scraps which 'Daddy Biggs' got into at Cockrell's Bend, that we alluded to a certain affair, known as the 'Muscadine Story,' the which, in the opinion of our hero, was not a matter to be related in print, while 'winnin' remained so *monstrous jellus a thing*. The story was therefore suppressed, and our readers left to worry their brains with impotent surmises, conjectures, and speculations.

Time, the great modifier, often softens the harshest aspect, while he corrugates and disfigures the most beautiful. Alike are his operations in the physical and moral world. Mrs. Suggs acknowledges a change in her view of things, produced by a lapse of years. The Captain's former vagaries—his little peccadilloes—his occasional gallantries—she now considers as the venial errors of a somewhat extended juvenility. In fact, the good old lady feels some little pride now, at the recital of any incident to show the irresistibility of her liege lord, considered with reference to the softer sex. 'Bygones are bygones with her—if Captain Suggs was good looking and sassy, it was not her fault.' The reader will observe that she speaks in the past tense; Suggs, *fuil*, alas! as far as female conquest is concerned—he stands now simply a tottering, white-headed, leaky-eyed, garrulous old man. Mrs. Suggs, therefore, is no longer annoyed by allusions to his prowess in other days, and the tale of the Muscadine may, with propriety, be made public.

It was a bland September morning, in a year that need not be specified, that the Captain, standing in view of the West door of the Court House at Davenville, perceived the Sheriff emerging therefrom, a bundle of papers in hand, and looking as if he desired to execute some sort of a *capias*.

The Captain instantly bethought him, that there was an indictment pending against himself for gaming, and began to collect his energies for an emergency. The Sheriff hailed him at the same moment, and requested him to 'hold on.'

'Stop, Ellis—right thar in your tracks, as the bullet said to the buck,' Suggs responded, them dockments look *cenemous*!

'No use said the officer—'sooner or later you must be taken; dog-face Billy Towns is here, and he'll go your security.'

'Keep off, I tell you, Ellis; I ain't safe today—the old woman's coffee was cold this mornin' and it fretted me. If you've got any thing agin me, keep it 'till Court—I'll be thar—'wave all formalities,' you know!"

'D—d if I wave any thing,' replied the Sheriff, advancing: 'I'll put you whar I can find you when wanted.'

Suggs drew an old revolving pistol whereupon the Sheriff paused.

'The blood,' shouted the Captain, 'of the High Sheriff of Tallapoosa County be upon his own head. If he crowds me, I give fair warnin' I'll discharge the *revoltin'* pistol seven several and distinct times, as nigh into the curl of his forehead, as the nature of the case will admit.'

For a moment the Sheriff was intimidated; but recollecting that Capt. Suggs had a religious dread of carrying loaded fire-arms about his person, although he often sported them uncharged for effect, he briskly resumed his stride, and the Captain, hurrying the 'revolver' at his head, at once fell into a 'killing pace' towards the rack where stood his pony, 'Button.'

The Sheriff's horse by chance, was tied at the same rack, but a wag of a fellow catching Suggs' idea, unhitched the pony, threw the bridle over its neck, and held it ready to be mounted; so that the Captain was in his saddle, and his nag at half speed, ere the Sheriff put his foot in the stirrup.

Here they got clattering down the street 'like an arm'd troop!' Now the blanket-coat of the invincible captain disappears round Luke Davenport's corner! The Sheriff is hard after him! 'Go it, Ellis!' 'Go it Suggs!' 'Whoop! whoop! hurrah!' Again the skirts of the blanket-coat become visible on the rise by McClendon's, whisking about the pony's rump! 'Lay whip, Sheriff; your bay's lazy!' the old bay gains on Button, however. But now they turn down the long hill towards Johnson's Mill creek. Right sturdy the pony bears his master on, but the bay is overhauling him fast! They near the creek! He has him!—not—the horse runs against the pony—falls himself—projects his rider into the thicket on the right—and knocks the rider and pony into the stream!

It happened that by the concussion or some other cause, the grith of Captain Suggs' saddle was broken; so that neither himself nor his saddle was precisely on Button's back when they reached the water. It was no time to stop for trifles, however; so leaving the saddle in the creek, the Captain bestrode the panting animal, and made the best of his way onward. He knew that the Sheriff would still follow, and he therefore turned from the road at right angles, skirted the creek swamp for a mile, and then took a direction by which he would reach the road again, four or five miles from the scene of his recent submersion.

The dripping captain and his reeking steed cut a dolorous figure, as they traversed the woods. It was rather late in the season to make the hydropathic treatment they had so lately undergone agreeable and the departure of the Captain from Davenville had been too unexcited and hurried to allow the slightest opportunity for filling his quart tickler. 'Wonder,' said he to himself, 'if I won't take a fit or a get any more—or else have a whole carryvan of blue-mosses and keys and forty-tail snakes after me—and so get a sight of the menagerie 'thout payin' the fust red cent! Git up, you d—n injun!' With the last words, Simon vigorously drove his heels against Button's sides, and in a half hour had regained the road.

Scarcely had Captain Suggs trotted an hundred yards, when the sound of horse's feet behind him caused him to look back. It was the Sheriff.

'Hello! Sheriff! stop!' said Suggs.

The Sheriff drew up his horse:

'I've got a proposition to make to you; you can go home with me, and thar I can give bond.'

'Very well,' said the Sheriff.

'But hands off till we git thar, and you ride fifty steps ahead of me, for fear of accidents—that's the proposition.'

'Agreed!' said Suggs, 'thar's a condition.'

'What's that?' 'Have you got any liquor along?' The Sheriff pulled out a black bottle by way of reply.

'Now,' said Captain Suggs, 'do you put the bottle on that stump thar, and ride out from the road fifty yards, and when I get it, take your position in front.'

These manoeuvres were performed with much accuracy, and the parties being ready, and the Captain one drink ahead.

'For—rard march!' said Suggs.

In this order, the Sheriff and the Captain wended their way, until they arrived at the crossing of Eagle Creek, a stream having a miry swamp on each side. As his pony was drinking, an idea popped into the Captain's head which was immediately acted upon. He suddenly turned his pony's head down stream, and in half a minute was out of sight.

'Come, Button,' said he, 'let's hunt wild cats a spell!'

The Sheriff, almost as soon as he missed our hero, heard him splashing down the creek. He plunged into the swamp, with the intention of heading him, but the mud was so soft that after floundering about a little while, he gave it up, and returned to the road, cursing as much for the loss of his black bottle, as of the Captain.

'Hello, Ellis!' shouted Suggs.

'Hello, yourself!'

'Don't you try that swamp no more; it'll mire butterflies, in spots!'

'No Danger!' was the response.

'And don't you try to follow me, on that tall horse, down the run of this creek; if you do, you'll have both eyes hangin' on bamboo

briers in goin' a hundred yards—besides *moccasin time aint over yet*, and thar's lots of 'em about these old logs!'

'Take care of yourself, you d—d old thief!' said the irritated officer.

'Once again, Ellis, old fellow!' said Suggs, coaxingly.

'What do you want?'

'Nothin', only I'm much obliged to you for this black bottle—*here's luck!*—you can charge the price in the next bill of costs you git agin me!'

The discomfited Sheriff could stand this jeering from the Captain no longer, so he put spurs to his horse and left.

'Now, Lord,' murmured Suggs, 'lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for I'll just be d—d if thar's any chance to ketch up with me now! Cuss the hole—and yonder's a blasted horsin' log! Well, the wicked flee when no man pursueth; wonder what they'd do if they had that black rascal Martin Ellis, after 'em, on that infernal long-legged bay? Durn the luck! thar's that new saddle that I borrowed from the Mississippi feller—Which he'll never come back for—that's lost in the mill creek—just as good as ten dollars out of my pocket. Well, it's no use 'puttin' with providence—hit will purvide!'

'The Grand Jurors of the State of Alabama,' he continued, soliloquizing in the verbiage of an indictment; 'elected, sworn, and charged—*d—d rascals all, with Jim Butler at their head!*—to enquire for the body of Tallapoosa county—*turn their hearts!* it's my body they're after! upon their oaths present—the *h—l they do!*—that Simon Suggs—*hem!* that's me, but they might as put he 'Captain' to it though! late of said County—*d—d if I wasn't one of the first settlers, which I was here, afore they had the sign of a Court House!*

'Well, it's no use thinkin' about the lyn, in Court; I'll have to go to Haden-kidd, at Court, to git me out'n the sack. Now, he's a quar one, ain't he? Never got him to do a law job for me yet but what I had to pay him; d—n the feller. Any body would think 'twas as hard to git money from me as 'tis for a man to draw a headless tenpenny nail out'n an oak post with his teeth—but that little black headed lawyer makes *ten or twenty*, come every pop!'

'Wonder how fur 'tis down to the Bend! This creek makes into the river about a mile below it, they say. Never mind, thar's a few drinks of the *ipsy-dandy* left, and the menagerie won't open to-day. I judge if my old woman knowed *what* I was goin', and *who* I was goin' to, she'd make the yearth shake. But she don't know; it's a prinsepel that Providence has put into the bosom of a man—leastways all sensible men—to run on and talk a heap afore their wives, to make 'em believe *they're turnin' wrong side out before 'em*, and yet never tell 'em the fust d—d word of truth. It's a wise thing in providence, too. Wonder if I'll ketch that rascal Jim Sparks jewlarkin' round Betsy, down at old Bob's!'

PIURIMA DESUNT.

On the morning after the occurrence of the adventures we have related, Captain Suggs sat in a long trim Indian built canoe, which was moored to the North bank of the Tallapoosa river. Near him was Miss Betsy Cockerell. She sat facing the Captain, on a board laid across the gunwale of the boat. Miss Betsy was a bouncing girl, plump, firm and saucy, with a mischievous rolling eye, and a sharp word forever at her tongue's end. She seemed to be coquetting with the paddle she had in her hand, and occasionally would strike it in the water, so as to besprinkle Captain Suggs, much to his annoyance.

'Oh, Captain, you do persuade me to promise you so hard. And Jim Sparks says you are married; and if you ain't you must a' been, twenty years ago; you're old enough,' (slyly).

'D—n it, mind how you throw your water! Jim Sparks is a trifling dog—if I have got a wife Betsy, she is going fast.'

'Goin' whar?' asked Betsy, striking the water again.

'Confound your paddle! can't you keep it still? Providence is goin' to take her home, Betsy—she's dwindled away to a shadder, with that cough and one thing and another. She ain't long for this world,' he added mournfully; 'and if you, Betsy, will only make up your mind; the devil take the paddle—you'll turn over the boat and throw me in the river!—make up your mind to step in to her shoes, it looks like it would sort 'o reconcile me to lose her—and here a tear leaked out of each corner of the Captain's eyes.'

'Oh Captain,' said Betsy, half shutting one eye, and looking quizzical, 'thar's so many good lookin' young fellers about, I hate to take 'em up. I like you Captain, but thar's Bill Edwards, and Jet Wallis, and Jim Sparks, and—'

'Good lookin'!' and 'Jet Wallis' and 'Jim Sparks! Why Jet's mouth is no better than a hole made in the fore part of his head with a claw-hammer—and as for Jim Sparks, he's got the face of a tarrier dog.'

'Do you count yourself, good-lookin'?' asked Betsy, with great *naivete*.

'Gall!' replied Suggs, with dignity, 'did you ever see me in my uniform! with my silver epollots on my shoulders! and the sword that Governor Bagby give me, with the gold scabbard a hangin'!'

Just at this moment a step was heard, and before the Captain and Betsy had recovered from the shock of the intrusion, Sheriff Ellis stepped into the boat, and asserted that Suggs 'was his prisoner!'

'Treed at last! said the Captain; 'but it's no use frettin'; the ways of Providence are mysterious. But whar did you cross, Ellis?'

'Oh, I knew you'd be about the old lick log, fishin' with Betsy. I'll turn the kunoo loose, and Betts will take us across. I crossed at Hainbrick's ferry, left my horse 't'other side, and come down on you, like a mink on a settin' hen. Come! come! it's time we were off to Davenville.'

'Providence is agin me,' sighed the Cap-

tain, 'I'm pulled up with a short jerk, in the middle of my kurreer. Well but'—he continued, musing 'spose a feller tries it on his own hook—no harm in takin' all chances—I ain't in jail, yet?'

A few yards below the boat landing, there grew out of the bank, an immense water oak, projecting over the river, at an angle of about forty-five. A huge muscadine vine enwrapped the oak in every part, its branches and tendrils covering it like net work. The grapes were now ripe, and hung over the river.

'in bacchanal profusion.'—
Purple and gushing.

Betsy allowed the canoe to drop down slowly, just outside of where the tips of the lower branches of the tree dallied with the rippling water. The fruit attracted the sheriff's eye and appetite, and reaching out in an arm laid hold of a branch, and began to pluck and eat.

'D—n the grapes!' said Suggs, angrily; 'let us go on!'

'Keep cool,' said the Sheriff, 'I'll fill my pockets first.'

'Be in a hurry, then, and if you will gather the d—d things reach up and pull down them big bunches up thar'—pointing to some fine clusters higher than the Sheriff could reach, as he stood up in the boat—pull the vines down to you!'

The Sheriff tried, but the vines resisted his utmost strength; so crying 'steady!' he pulled himself up clear off the boat, and began to try to establish a footing among the foliage.

At this moment Captain Suggs made no remark orally, but his eye said to Betsy, as plainly as eye could talk, 'hit her a lick back, my gall!'

Silently the paddle went into the water, Betsy leaning back, with lips compressed, and in a second, the canoe shot ten feet out from the tree, and the Sheriff was left dangling among the vines!

'Stop your blasted jokes!' roared the officer.

'Keep cool, old Tap-my-shoulder!' thar's just the smallest grain of a joke in this here, that you ever seed. It's the coldest sort of armo!

'What shall I do? How shall I get out of this!' asked Ellis, piteously.

'Let all go, drop in the water, and swim out,' was the reply.

'I can't swim a lick—how deep is it?'

Suggs seemed to ruminate and then replied—
From—say—fifteen—yes at least, fifteen to about twenty-five feet. Ugly place!

'Great God,' said poor Ellis, 'you certainly won't leave me here to drown, my strength is failing already.'

'If I don't,' said the Captain, most emphatically, 'I wish I may be landed a thousand feet into h—l, and saying a word to Betsy they shot rapidly across the river.'

Kissing his companion as he stepped out of the boat, Suggs sought Button who was tied in a thicket, near by, and mounting pursued his homeward way.

'Never despair,' he said to himself as he jogged along, 'never despair! Honesty, a bright watch out, a hand in your fingers and one in your lap, with a little grain of hell from providence, will always fetch a man through! Never despair! I've been hunted and tracked and dogged like a cussed wolf, but the Lord has prevailed, and my worst enemy has tuck a tree! Git up Button you blasted, flop eared injun!'

"HE WILL FORGIVE YOU FATHER."

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hands and the cool breeze lifted the matted locks which covered his noble brow. His countenance was blueated and disfigured, but in his eye there was an unwavering look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the melancholy voice of his patient wife as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or perchance he was gazing on the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children a sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the meek creature stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken and the doors hingeless; scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In infancy he saw again the old arm chair where sat his father with his bible upon his knee, and seemed to hear again the sweet tones of his mother as she laid her hand up in her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil. Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

'Poor mother,' he muttered, 'it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave; it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast of society.'

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches, meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their nests and poured forth happy songs. Thither the drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw himself upon the soft green sward, the recollections of past scenes came crowding over his mind. He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips, 'Oh, God! receive a returning wanderer.' Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured—'He will forgive you, father.' Starting to his feet the inebriate saw standing before him his youngest daughter, a child of six years old.

'Why are you here, Anne?' he said,

ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

'I came to gather the lilies which grow upon the banks,' she replied. 'See, I have got my basket full, and now I am going to sell them.'

'And what do you do with the money?' asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where, among the broad green leaves, the sweet lilies of the valley were peeping forth.

The child hesitated; she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money, and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

'You are afraid to tell me, Anne,' said the father kindly. 'Well I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence.'

The gentleness of tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, 'Yes father, I will tell you. Mother buys medicine for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get it to buy bread.'

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart. 'I have robbed them of the comforts of life,' he exclaimed; 'from this moment the liquor fire passes my lips no more.'

Anne stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarce comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change had taken place. She threw back her golden ringlets, raised her large blue eyes with an earnest look to his face, 'will you never drink any more rum?' she whispered timidly.

'Never! dear Anne,' replied her father solemnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. 'Then we will all be so happy. Oh, father, what a happy home ours will be!'

Years passed away. The words of little Anne, the drunkard's daughter had proven true. The home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed a happy one; Plenty crowned his board, and health and joy beamed from the face of his wife and children; where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The pledge had raised him from his degradation, and restored him once more to peace and happiness.

PAIL BUCKET AND BARREL FACTORY IN AUGUSTA.—A new enterprise similar to the VARIETY WORKS at Columbus, Ga., is about to be established in our city. Our fellow citizen, Mr. John Glendenning, in conjunction with Mr. Lochart, of Lincoln county, has taken steps to put up a building near the site of the Old Planter's Hotel, where every variety of wood ware, such as barrels, casks, kegs, pails, tubs and buckets, is to be manufactured on a large scale. The steam engine to be used is already here, and the building, a large three story brick building, contracted for. In a few months this manufactory will be under way, and probably in full operation.

In connection with the wooden ware factory will be machinery for cutting and polishing marble; a branch of business in which Mr. Glendenning is already profitably engaged. We hope in time to see Georgia Marble freely used in this Georgia Factory for various objects of use and ornament.

Augusta Constitutionalist.

BE PROMPT.—Delay shortens life and abridges industry, just as promptitude enlarges both. You have a certain amount of work before you, and in all likelihood some unexpected engagements may be added as the time wears on. You may begin that work immediately, or you may postpone it to the evening, or till near the close of life. Your sense of duty insists on its being done; but procrastination says, 'it will be pleasant by and by.' What infatuation! to end each day in a hurry, and life itself in a panic; and when the hurried evening has closed, and the fevered toll of mortality is over, to leave your work undone!

Clear off arrears of neglected duty; prefer duty to diversion, and cultivate that energetic frame of mind which rejoices in occupation. Then you will find the sweetness of repose which follows finished work, and zest of that reaction in which no delinquent feeling mingles, and on which no neglected duty frowns.

BATES.—The editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel does not boast 'of the size of Wisconsin 'baies,' but says 'they are an uncommon sure crop.'

THE BATH.
HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

There is a great deal of sound good sense in the following suggestions of some letter writer in the Mobile Tribune; suggestions, too which are good for any latitude.

Those in our city who would avail themselves of the benefits of a warm or cold bath can enjoy that luxury at the neat and comfortable bathing establishment of Mr. Wyley W. Barron's.

To the young, we earnestly say—as you are now throwing aside your winter clothing—bathe. If you would avoid colds, the sure precursors of all sickness, bathe; and if you would enjoy your youth, blitheness of limb and cheer of spirits, bathe and bathe frequently.

The ancients knew its efficacy, and practiced it thoroughly, as the wisest of the moderns do. The theory of Beau Brummel has grown into a proverb—there is no perfume like that of fresh linen; no cosmetic like pure water, and invigoration of a swim, or what man fatigued, of a free ablution? Bathe, then, if you would be healthy.

But while bathing is so important to the young, it is no less so to the mature. Of all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, none can exceed these three common curses—dyspepsia, rheumatism and gout. Though when these are once seated, they are deemed immovable, the most experienced physicians assure us they can be prevented, as they are clearly traceable to the stopping up of the pores of the skin.

Then if you would preserve your digestion and enjoy the good things of life—bathe! If you would avoid rheumatism, and indulge in that joyous exercise which brings health and

every other comfort—bathe! And lest you be bed-ridden, and tortured everlastingly with gout, bathe, and bathe freely.

With the best of motives, we again affirm, if there be a cheap luxury in the world, it is a hot, or cold shower bath.

GROSS OUTRAGE.—At Rockingham, Richmond county, on Tuesday last, a rencontre took place between James Watson, of that county, and Angus McSween, who had been for some time residing in this village, in which the latter received four or five stabs inflicted with the most murderous and savage-looking instrument that we ever beheld. It was a sort of dirk, made out of an old sword-blade, and ground to an edge on both sides. Exclusive of the handle it was about nine inches long. Watson, it was said, had exhibited this formidable weapon to some of his neighbors before, and informed them that he had made it for the purpose of killing McSween—with whom he had previously had a difficulty. The transaction occurred in the Court yard, in the presence of a crowd of bystanders, who permitted Watson to walk quietly off, after the knife had been taken from him! For a while McSween's life was despaired of; but on examination by several physicians who were fortunately on the ground, it was ascertained that his wounds were not mortal. One of the thrusts would have proved inevitably fatal to him had the weapon not been stopped by his rib. Another was stopped by his shoulder blade. McSween is a young man of good education and fine standing; it is to be hoped that he will speedily recover. He was doing well on Thursday morning. We have not heard from him since. Watson had made his escape.—Wadesboro' (N. C.) Argus.

THE PRESS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
The growth and vigor of the newspaper press in this country for some years past is truly astonishing. Every mail brings us additional evidences of the success and enterprise of the newspaper establishments of the South. We are rejoiced to see this state of things in our own State particularly; and the many well conducted papers now established in the upper Districts must be of immense advantage to the people. There is no branch of industry—agricultural, commercial, or mechanical—but must be invariably benefited under the influence of these presses. Light and knowledge, education, morals and virtue, must ever be the concomitants of a well sustained press amongst a people. Had we space to enumerate, we might mention the papers we allude to, but we comprehend all when we say of the newspaper press of South Carolina, that, in point of ability, correctness of tone and sentiment, and the successful pursuit of this honorable vocation, in all respects, the newspaper press of this State is unsurpassed.

South Carolina, by her devotion to Democratic principles—by her unwavering defence of State Rights—and by the exalted patriotism of her citizens, unpolluted by the degrading influences of party strife—has frequently been sneered at and held up to ridicule by party hacks and political brawlers of her sister States. But the flings of party rivalry, or the paltry exhibitions of envenomed spite, so often hurled at their noble little States, find no sympathizing heart or pen among her editorial corps. They are met with scorn, and repelled with a consciousness of integrity of principle, which in too many instances, is manifestly wanting in their assailants. We challenge the strictest scrutiny and most rigid critical examination, when we assert that the press of South Carolina stands unsurpassed in every quality which tends to elevate the morals, augment the happiness, or preserve the independence of the people whom they represent.

Well, then, for our conclusions. The people of this State should sustain first their own newspapers. To use a common saying, they may go farther and fare worse. Their city, town, and district presses should be liberally patronized, because the newspapers of South Carolina are a unit—one and indivisible—in defence of the rights, interests, and institutions of the South. There is no diversity of sentiment with regard to these; whilst in their dignified and manly defence of the fair name of our gallant State and her people, they have been in a great measure instrumental in placing her in the elevated position she now occupies—notwithstanding her defamers among her sister States. Let, then, our own presses, from the seaboard to the mountains, be liberally sustained, even if occasionally it should be at the sacrifice of some cherished journal published elsewhere. For the people of South Carolina may be well assured that in them they have their best and truest friends.—South Carolinian.

A GREEN ONE.—An exchange tells a good story of a countryman, who was in one of our cities on Sunday, and concluded to go to church. Arriving there, he waited outside a moment, when to his surprise, the organ struck up, and he concluded some sort of a 'shave down' was about to commence. At that moment a gentleman invited him in. 'Not 'zactly, Mister, I ain't used to such doin's on Sunday;—and, besides, I don't dance.'

The following recently perpetrated, seems too bad to be lost:

An Irish girl applied to her overseer for leave of absence on St. Patrick's day. He informed her that he did not know how to spare her, as he had no one to take her place. 'And sure,' said she, 'I must go out; for ain't St. Patrick as good a man as the Fourth of July?' The reason was satisfactory, and leave was granted of course.

A FAMILY TRAVELLING IN WHEELBARROWS.
A strange scene was exhibited in Cincinnati a few days ago, being nothing less than a family consisting of father and mother and six children. The Chronicle states that they had travelled all the way from Laporte county, Ia., in three wheelbarrows, intending to reach Pennsylvania, from which State they had emigrated three years ago. Their blankets, wearing apparel, and some few utensils, used in preparing and distributing food among the family, were in one barrow, and the younger children were stowed away in the others, the father and the elder boys taking turns in wheeling them along.

A young lady engaged in writing, observed to a clergyman present, that she was a *Scribe*. 'To which the man in orders, with a sagacity and clerical discernment truly creditable, replied, and fair I see.—Pharisee (1)